

Dr. Oats's ANSWER

To Count Teckleys



LETTER

intercepted at

DOVER:

AN't please your Mightiness yours, I Receiv'd--*Anno Dom 1683. September the 25th new Stile*; I give your Mightiness ten thousand thanks, for all your Favours formerly bestowed upon me, but most especially for these kind Propositions now made me, both by the *Grand Segnior*, your Grace, and all the Court and Council of that Empire, which I shall most gratefully accept of and had been with you long before this time, but that our English *Turks* here, have had as great misfortunes in our Affairs at home: as the *Vizier* before *Vienna*; for Sir, you must understand; that this Kingdom the chief of the three, of which I am the Savor.

About ten years ago, this Kingdom I say, was got with Child, with a huge and horrible *Papish-plot* it had neither Head, nor Foot, but sixty thousand Rumps and Tails, and what d'ye call 'ems.' Now Sir, about five years ago---her Belly began to Gripe---she made foul Faces and lookt very black, in the Fundament; and fell into Labour with this Plot; and was very ill indeed, she father'd the Plot upon the *Jesuits*, and several other persons of Quality---and several of the *Papists* were hang'd and cut in pieces and the rest Begger'd and Ruin'd, and all the able Men-Midwives in *England* were sent for, to help to deliver her of this great Belly: First that great States Midwife: *Shaftsbury*---who took his turn for four years together, and at last with a full Resolution to fetch it out, thrust his hand a little too far, and broke a Leg or an Arm, and was forc'd to run away to save his Neck. Then was chose a Council of six of the able States Midwives in the Kingdom, to try Experiments, amongst whom the Lord *Russel* scorning to be out-done; fell to work Tooth and Nail; but being too hot upon't happens to lay hold on the Arse gut and all be sh-t his Fingers. Upon this misfortune he fell into a desperate passion; and in Revenge resolv'd to cut his Majesties Throat, but just in the attempt, his own Head dropt off.

Next comes Midwife *Gray*, but having just left his two Wives behind the Curtain which were really Sisters, and he not being able to satisfy one, his Horns, on a sudden sprouted out, so much longer than his Arms, that they goard *Britain* into the Belly, before he could reach it, which put her into such a Fit of Torture and Kicking, as frighted him out of his sence and fight of the World, that he was never seen since.

Then comes *E---x* with serious reserved, deliberate gravity: And as soon as he had felt how it was with her---he pretended to wish that the *K.* did but know half so much as he did, but feeling the second time---she unmannerly slap't her Tail in his Eye, and pist in his Face---which caused some of the Deputy Midwives to laugh at him; which put the Earl into such a passion, that he swore the *K.* had a hand in it---for which and other Crimes he was clapt up; and in Revenge he playd the fool and cut his own Throat.

Then comes thundering *Tickle me Tom*, and he was so foolish Rash, he'd needs father the Pug before it was Born; he was so in love with the Bastard that attempted to cut off the Royal Line to make a King on't: which made *Britain* up with her heel and hit him a dab o'th' Chops and farted in his Face---Gad, what does he do for madness, but transforms himself into the Spawn of a Makrel and was never heard of since.

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Next comes Perking *Teckele*---though a *Baltard* he had as undoubted a Right to the Imperial Crown of *England* as your Mightiness to that of *Hungary*--- he laid both his Commissions, Life, and his expected Crown, that he'd fetch it out the first attempt without difficulty--- Then he falls to work, Sir, upon the Brat, and got it by the back with both hands at once---and pull'd it with such an undaunted Courage that five hundred Rumps and Tails come off in his hands---and he lost his hold, which so inflam'd his Grace, that he turned up her Tail, and shew'd her Nakedness to forty thousand of the Rable---which made *Britain* pull him by the Lugs---and wrapt a Ladys shitten Smock about his Chops and Eyes and sent his Adle-head, Reeling, Blind-fold from the Land of *Promise* to *Wapping*; where the other Sister wip'd his Chops---and he sputtered and Hector'd about and threatned Revenge for a while; but at last was lost in a Mist, like *Anyas*, for ingratitude and never was heard of since---a great many more made the like attempt, with such or worse success---and some hang'd, some in holl'd, some turn'd Trimmers, and the rest run away: for just in the interim when the K. was to have been Murthered comes me in--- one *Howard*, *Rumsey*, *West*, and *Keeling*---and undertook to deliver this great Belly---and upon the word of a Priest, they handled it with such Dexterity, that in a fortnights time, they brought out this great Monster---and what do you think it was that made all this noise---e'en honest *Presbyter John*--- a Delicate Babe--- but so stuf with 'Sociations, Noble Peer's Specche; Holy Leagues, and Covenants, &c. that it was Farting full again: And being an *Incubus* it spoke as soon as it was born, and named above six-Hundred Fathers that were at the getting on't--- *Shaftsbury*, *Tongue*, and my self, three of the Cheif--- then drawing its Mouth on one side; Cry'd, You must all turn *Turks* or be Damn'd---and ever since I have had a great Ambition to leave off my Hypocritical Jump, and turn *Muffry*. But how do you think this *Brat* serv'd us at last; for all we have lick't it into five hundred shapes and colors; nothing serves its turn but speaking truth with a Pox to the *Rascal*: & has spoiled all our future proceedings; and we have lost the Charter into the bargain. But as for Popish Commissions; Spanish Pilgrims, Black Bills, French Armies, Pickering's Guns, *Teuxbury* Mustard-Balls, Popish plots &c. I received ready mony for them: both from Court and City at once: but now, notwithstanding all my Guards, I was arrested three or four times a week, and have neither plot nor Commission to make a penny on, to help my self withall; and my *Bums*, like a company of Revenous Wolves, are ready to tear my heart out. But for *West's* Blunderbush, *Wildmans* Cannon, most of them are visibly taken and Seized by the K--- Just now my sacred person was seized for twenty pounds due for linnen, which I took up to wipe clean my Bums. To conclude Sir, unless our party can get to a head, before the K. calls a Parliament, all our Gang must, of necessity, flie to your Mightiness for Refuge--- Therefore I beseech you let the *Sarraglio*, be forthwith made ready for me, and my Retinue---for Bums I shall carry fourscore a long with me, for Whores, and Bauds, let there be two thousand made ready: for I intend to out-do *Sallomon* in *Letchery*, *Mahomet* in *Blasphemy*, and *Judas* in *Perjury* and *Treachery* ---

your Mightiness's most humble

Servant, and Multi to the Grand Turk

TITUS OATS.

POSTSCRIPT

A N't please your Mightiness, though you have not yet thought it convenient to hazard your Sacred Person--- or Army in the Fight; yet the *Turks* are very much weak'n'd--- and I was thinking to have sent a Detachment of fifty thousand French Protestant Mahometans, which *Shaftsbury* sent for over to be ready upon such occasions---but they have such Damn'd Mahometan Stomachs they'l eat you all up, both Horse and Man: for there is a certain Lord of our partys forc'd to cut them out a whole Ox and Broth, three times a Week, to save his own Person from the fury of their Teeth. I am sadly hampered amongst the Christians here: they have burned me in *Effgie* with as much Ignominie as *Waller* burnt their Crucified-God in *Effgie*. Another of 'em sent me a Barrel of *Oysters*, in the name of one of our Mahometans, I invited my Friends to the Colation, and told 'em I was not quite forgot yet. There were twenty o'th' top of delicate ones, look you here quoth I, turn 'em out Boy, turn out; out they came, and what do you think they were---by *Mahomet*, nothing but Shells and a long Rope Quoyled up in the middle, and frosted---over with a T---